

VOL. XI.—No. 274.

JUNE 7, 1882.

Price, 10 Cents.



PUBLISHED BY
KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

NEW YORK
TRADE MARK REGISTERED 1878.

OFFICE No. 21 - 23 WARREN ST.

"ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AND ADMITTED FOR TRANSMISSION THROUGH THE MAILS AT SECOND CLASS RATES."



THE INNOCENTS.

"He hain't seen nuffin o' yer chickens—he's as innercent as we is!"

PUCK.

OFFICE: Nos. 21 & 23 WARREN STREET,
NEW YORK.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

(UNITED STATES AND CANADA.)
 One Copy, one year, or 52 numbers.....\$5.00
 One Copy, six months, or 26 numbers..... 2.50
 One Copy, for 13 weeks..... 1.25
 (ENGLAND AND ALL COUNTRIES IN THE BRITISH POSTAL TREATY.)
 One Copy, one year, or 52 numbers.....\$6.00
 One Copy, six months, or 26 numbers..... 3.00
 One Copy, three months, or 13 numbers..... 1.50
 5¢ INCLUDING POSTAGE.

UNDER THE ARTISTIC CHARGE OF.....JOS. KEPPLER
 BUSINESS MANAGER.....A. SCHWARZMANN
 EDITOR.....H. C. BUNNER

PUCK is on Sale in London, at HENRY F. GILLIG & CO'S,
 AMERICAN EXCHANGE, 449, Strand, Charing Cross, and at
 THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS COMPANY, 11, Boulevard
 Street, Fleet Street; in Glasgow, at G. F. ALLAN'S, 31, Renfield
 Street; in Paris, at TERQUEM'S, 15 Boulevard Saint Martin,
 and on file at the Herald Office, 49 Avenue de l'Opera. In Ger-
 many, at F. A. BROCKHAUS'S, Leipzig, Berlin and Vienna.

IN PREPARATION:

PUCK ON WHEELS

CONTENTS:

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

Judge Whitewash Completely Exonerated.
 A Dead Gold Dog.
 A Mosquito.
 A Melancholy Reflection—poem—Another Crank.
 A Conceit—poem—L.
 An Epicurean Fancy—poem—J. S., Jr.
 PUCKERINGS.
 La Mascotte—poem—A. E. Watrous.
 The National Game—Ernest Harvier.
 Come to the Wrong Shop—illustrated.
 There He Is Again—illustrated.
 Impression du Cointree—poem—Parsnip.
 By the Sea—R. K. Munkittrick.
 A Young Man-agerie—poem—H. C. Dodge.
 FREE LUNCH.
 A Split Imminent—illustrated.
 LITERARY NOTE.
 AMUSEMENTS.
 "Crushed Again!"—illustrated.
 Hildegard's Folly; or, The Vengeance of a Life.
 ANSWERS FOR THE ANXIOUS.
 Their City Boarders.
 No Conciliation!—illustrated.
 FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA—No. CCXXVII.
 Impressions du Bowery—poem—F. I. C.
 Concerning Crows—Paul Pastnor.
 The Strawberry-Short-Cake Season—illustrated.
 PUCK'S EXCHANGES.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

There is such a thing as being too hospitable. It is a very beautiful and benevolent thing to go out into the highways and byways and invite everybody who will come to labor in your vineyard. But it is possible to overdo it; and we in this country may as well begin to ask ourselves if we have not already overdone it. For, there is no use in denying it, there are Americans, and there have been Americans since the beginning; and we whose grandfathers and great-grandfathers fought to have a country of their own have at least something to say about the government of this country. The foreigner who, Americanized or not Americanized, dwells here in peace and avails himself of the privileges which are his by law, should remember that he enjoys his freedom by the grace of Americans, and that this country is not for Englishmen or Frenchmen or Germans or Italians or Irishmen, but for Americans—born here or elsewhere it matters not; but Americans in thought and feeling.

In these days it is considered very disgraceful to have the faintest sympathy with the doctrines of the dead-and-gone Know-Nothing party. But Know Nothingism is not the abomination of desolation, by a good deal. There is a great deal of sound sense in the idea that America is for Americans. Whoever comes here, be he

from Natal or from Nova Zembla, has to renounce in heart, as well as in word, allegiance to all powers, principalities or potentates, if he would be deserving of the title of American citizen. He should not come here to trouble himself and others with the dissensions and grievances of his native land. If he is a German, he should forget '48; if he is a Frenchman, he should forget '71; if he is an Irishman, he should forget 1780. His one duty—his whole duty—is to America, and to America alone.

This the Germans and the Frenchmen seem to understand. So do the Swedes and the Dutch and the Spaniards and the Italians and the Russians and all the rest of them, save and except only the two million-and-a-half of Irish, who make more noise and cause more annoyance in Uncle Sam's lodging-house than all the rest of his fifty million lodgers put together. The raw Irishman in America is a nuisance; his son is a curse. They never assimilate; the second generation simply shows an intensification of all the bad qualities of the first. The honest truth is that the Irish have been and are a burden and a misery to this country. All that can be said for them is that they helped us to build our first railroads cheaply; but the Chinese, bad as they are, would have been a cheaper investment than the Irish. These innocent children of the old sod have done more than any others to corrupt our politics, to lower the standard of service in domestic and commercial life; and they have simply used this country as a ground of vantage from which to wage in safety their imbecile and indecent war against the English government. To-day we have a cowardly press, afraid to offend the "Irish vote"—the vote of voters who can't even read, for the most part—a cowardly press crying for the recall of the one honorable, honest and able minister to the Court of St. James's that we have had since Motley. Is it not about time that there was a clearance in Uncle Sam's Lodging-House?

Do the voters of this great State of New York realize the character of two-thirds of the men who are supposed to represent them in the Albany Legislature? They find day after day that measures are carried which are entirely opposed to the interests of the people, while legislation that is absolutely necessary is systematically resisted and defeated. The public is so accustomed to the process that it is taken as a matter of course. The Senate and Assembly at Albany are so little in sympathy with the citizens, that the citizens have come to lose sight of the fact that they had anything to do with electing the members. It is very difficult, indeed, to properly characterize some of these Albany rascals.

Suppose we were to say to the keeper of Sing Sing or Auburn Prison: "Mr. Keeper, the people of the State of New York want some men to make laws for them and to protect their interests. What can you do in that way?" "Well, sir, I think I shall be able to give satisfaction. I have a very choice collection of sneak-thieves and highwaymen. Then I can furnish you with a desirable line of burglars and perjurers. I suppose you have little use for murderers or manslaughterers; but I can confidently recommend a few very superior embezzlers, forgers and horse-stealers. The majority of these men have not quite finished their sentences, but in the interests of the public I think I can let them out."

People would recoil with horror at the thought of such fellows as these representing them; and yet a number of the Albany members are not one whit better than these convicts, and deserve

the same punishment. The history of Albany Legislation of late years has never been such as the state could be proud of. It was corrupt enough when the late Mr. Tweed invested extensively in the commodity. Mr. Tweed became the owner of both Houses of Legislature; they were his property and were naturally managed solely in his interests. The present Legislature differs from that of Mr. Tweed of blessed memory; it is anybody's Legislature. Its precious members sell themselves to the highest bidder, or to the men with the longest purse.

We doubt if it ever so much as occurred to any of these shameless scoundrels that they were elected and paid a salary by the people for the purpose of representing the people. What is to be done? For bills opening the doors to greater frauds than ever have been hurried through with corrupt speed. What is to be done after the purification and practical canonization of that model of judicial integrity, the much-maligned Westbrook, who took Mr. Jay Gould under his protecting wing? We fear nothing at present. Yet there is a remedy, and the remedy lies with the people themselves. Let them, before election day, inquire into the character of the men who are so anxious to serve them at Albany. Let them refuse to cast their ballots for the thieves, liars, perjurers, rascals and time-serving vagabonds who have betrayed them at Albany. Let them scratch the names of Alvord and Sharpe, of Grady and Brodsky, of McClelland and Poucher, and a score of others, whenever they have a chance to do it. The voter who, with such warning as this, records his vote for any of these men is as bad as they are.

The faint toot of a war note is heard in Europe, but it is a little too early to prophesy as to whether or not that toot will increase in volume and plunge the Old World into a blood-letting match. This time the trouble is with Egypt, and the British lion is very deeply interested. If there is to be war, the aforementioned lion will not have much fighting to do with negroes or inferior races, but with some European nation whose soldiers wear clothes and suspenders. England has such great Indian interests that it is necessary that Egypt—the highway to India—be governed in a manner to suit her. Just now it does not come up to her standard of government at all, as the Khedive's rule is very shaky—if it exists at all—owing to the enterprising and rebellious conduct of Mr. Arabi Pasha, who professes to act with the approval of the Sultan of Turkey. There will be a conference; but if Egypt is to change hands it is not England that will be left out in the cold, although France is a very convenient ally for Great Britain at this particular juncture.

The death of Garibaldi leaves the world without a life that deserves to be called both heroic and patriotic. No nobler, simple-minded and unselfish man than Garibaldi ever existed. Without understanding politics in their technical sense, he was the embodiment of justice, republicanism and freedom. Of what is called humbler parentage, his name will be remembered when many patrician statesmen and legislators will be forgotten. His career was so varied and romantic that had he lived five hundred years ago the record of his deeds would have been looked upon as doubtful and traditional. Italy owes her national life to him, and he gave her this life in the face of sneers, ridicule and enemies. Garibaldi died as he had lived, in unostentatious simplicity in his island home at Caprera. He scorned titles, orders or ennoblement at the hands of kings or princes. His fame and memory have been exalted and ennobled in the hearts of the millions of lovers of freedom and political equality.

JUDGE WHITEWASH COMPLETELY EXONERATED.

The following is the Majority Report adopted by the Albany Assembly, by a large majority, which entirely vindicates Judge Whitewash; the charges against him in connection with the Elevated Roads and the appointment of receivers being found to be groundless.

To the Assembly:

The Committee on Judiciary appointed to investigate the conduct of Justice T. R. Whitewash entered upon the discharge of the duties devolved upon them, and have since been almost constantly engaged in such investigation.

It has been very hard work, indeed; but knowing the anxiety of the public to hear the truth about the matter, they did not shrink from their duty.

The committee examined and received efficient aid from Judge Whitewash, and are quite convinced that the character of the gentleman is above reproach; and are of opinion that the *New York Times* and the *Evening Post* ought to be suppressed for having called Judge Whitewash horrid names.

Judge Whitewash assured every member of the committee that he had never done anything unbecoming to his exalted office, and such an assurance from the judge himself ought to be and is conclusive.

The evidence of Mr. Jay Gould, a wealthy and very worthy citizen, has influenced the committee very much in their decision.

Mr. Gould stated that he did not know of the existence of such a person as Judge Whitewash until several weeks after he had rendered his decisions in Mr. Gould's favor. If Mr. Gould was unacquainted with Judge Whitewash, why should Judge Whitewash even stretch a point to oblige Mr. Jay Gould?

There is also strong testimony to prove that Judge Whitewash never heard of Mr. Jay Gould; or if he had, he did not think that he had anything to do with stocks. Consequently there could have been no collusion between these two gentlemen.

As regards holding court in Mr. Gould's private office, this matter is very satisfactorily explained.

Judge Whitewash happened to go to the regular court-house, and found the scrubwoman still hard at work on the floor.

"Shure an' I'll be thrue in a few minutes, sorr."

"Madam," said Judge Whitewash: "it is not of the slightest consequence. I will go elsewhere."

He went to the Puck office and asked permission to hold court in the editorial rooms; but learned, to his chagrin, that these apartments had just been destroyed by fire.

Then, on finding that all the benches in the City Hall Park were occupied, and anxious to get his work off his mind, he entered the Western Union building, and, seeing a door open, he sat down on a chair from sheer exhaustion and transacted the business before him. On coming out, to his intense and utter surprise, he saw the name of "Jay Gould" on the door.

Much strong language has been hurled against Judge Whitewash for appointing expensive receivers for bankrupt insurance companies. Perhaps Judge Whitewash may have made slight errors in judgement in this respect, in neglecting to ask the receivers how much they would charge for the job; but these are trifling matters, and if blame is attached to anybody it must be to Mr. John Kelly, who, in his love for his suffering fellow-creatures, nominated most of the receiving gentlemen.

T. R. Whitewash is a much maligned but innocent judge.

W. A. SMOUCHER,
F. B. SMIRK,
A. J. LARKER,
O. S. SELL,
J. D. MAKE,
D. S. SPOTTER.

MINORITY REPORT.

Judge T. R. Whitewash ought to be impeached.

ALFRED C. CHAPIN,
JAMES E. MORRISON,
ROBERT A. LIVINGSTON.

A DEAD GOLD DOG.

A small boy was seen holding a dead gold dog by the ears the other day.

"Are you afraid he'll fall down?" inquired an old man who looked like a professional missionary.

"No; but I want to kinder get on the good side of him."

"So that he will follow you around?"

"No, not much; but so that he will stand still long enough for me to hitch him to this kettle. Just get your rocks ready, and we'll have a regular old Jersey fox-hunt, as soon as he gets going."

A MOSQUITO.

"I just got a mosquito in my throat," murmured the fair Angeline, as she leaned on her croquet mallet.

"I am so sorry," replied Tom: "cough hard."

And the fair creature coughed hard enough to break her back.

"If I only had something to drink," she sighed, as she glanced at a near-by soda-water sign.

"All right!" he replied, innocently, and tramped off to a pump and brought about a pint of water, which the young lady, who had not swallowed a mosquito, but had tried to secure soda-water under false pretenses, was obliged to swallow.

The moral of this is that too much modesty is sometimes bad for the health, and if you see anything you want don't be afraid to ask for it.

THE FLOWERS IN THE DELL

Are now upon the bud;
The clerk of the hotel
His mammoth diamond stud,
That cost a single dollar,
Has donned beneath his collar.

A Melancholy Reflection.

Suggested by "Puck's Cranks."

If fudge were stuff
And stuff were bosh,
And bosh itself were fudge,
Why fudge is stuff
Tough stuff enough,
And I think Puck
In luck.

ANOTHER CRANK.

A Conceit.

(After Puck.) Arithmetically Considered.

If one brings two
And two brings three,
And two from three leaves one,
Why one is two
And two is one,
And twice seven is fourteen.

L.

An Epicurean Fancy.

Bagdad, 1882.

If pie were cake
And cake were cheese,
And cheese itself make cake,
Why cheese is cake
And cake is cheese,
And pie itself must gun
The bun.

J. S., JR.

Puckeyings.

THE SUPREME COURT has recently pronounced it libelous to call a man "a member of the Union Club."

WE WONDER whom the Albany Legislature represents; it is certainly not the people of the State of New York.

ASSEMBLYMAN ROOSEVELT ought to understand by this time that Judge Westbrook bears a character that is unimpeachable.

YES, CERTAINLY; we think Mr. O'Donovan Rossa would be a great improvement on Mr. Lowell as Minister to Great Britain.

ICE HAS RISEN, owing to the report that some of the icebergs now drifting about the Atlantic are from two to three hundred feet high.

BEEF IS GETTING so high that, although there is not much difference in price, poor people will have to buy ice as a substitute.

THE CZAR has postponed his coronation for a year, contrary to the desire of the Nihilists, who are anxious that he should get a heavenly golden crown without delay.

TEN KICKAPOO INDIANS in Kansas have been naturalized. That civilization may not bear too hard on them at first, missionaries are educating them to be ticket-scalpers.

SINCE THE WESTBROOK INVESTIGATION, it has been proved that whitewashing is not confined to the white-wooled, tottering ex-body servants of the late George Washington.

IF MR. JAMES GORDON BENNETT could but induce the members of the Assembly who voted for the Majority Report in the Westbrook case to go on a North Pole expedition, what a happy state this might be!

THE YOUNG MAN who fondly hoped that his last year's Summer suit would do for this season is now engaged in studying the habits of the *Timea flavifrontella* and searching for a tailor who sells garments on the instalment plan.

IT IS HARD TO LOSE those two relics of patriotism, Mr. Cyrus Field and the André Monument, at the same time.—*New York Commercial Advertiser*.

But we still have left to us the Elevated Road, with its five-cent fare and the block system.

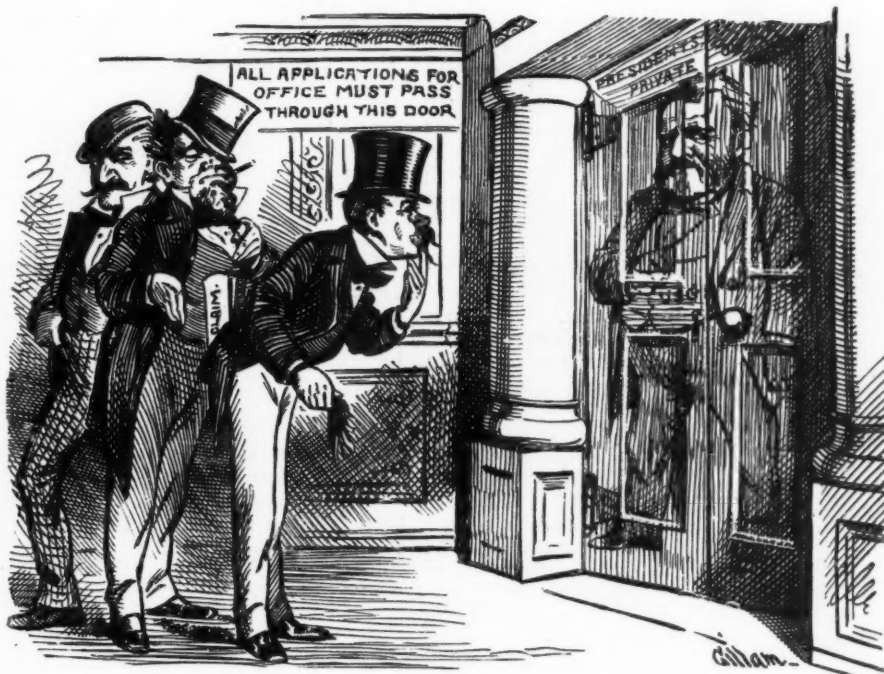
MR. ROBESON ought to get our new Navy ready, and the Seventh Regiment should look after its fighting-pumps; for who knows but, if Egypt changes her rulers, they may demand the restoration of the obelisk to its native land?

THE NEW YORK GRAND LODGE OF FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS met at the Masonic Hall, on Sixth Avenue, on Monday last. The Grand Lodge is going to offer a fifty-cent prize to any Mason or non-Mason who can discover what the whole business was about.

A NEW KID GLOVE has been invented with a pocket in the palm, which is said to be for the purpose of holding small sums of money. They will be very popular if worn by all people who have small sums of money. To see the point of this joke use an astronomical telescope.

NOW THE BULL-DOG, like a fox,
Shoots around, and in the box
Fondly roots,
While he searches for a bone
Doth the urchin throw a stone,
And he scoots.

THERE HE IS AGAIN.



THE WAY TO OFFICE UNDER PRESIDENT ARTHUR.

IMPRESSION DU COUNTRY.

The brown cow clambereth up the hill,
The bluebird flyeth here and there;
Spring breatheth through the balmy air,
And murmuring floweth the rapid rill.

The maiden sitteth 'neath the tree,
She hath ta'en off her little shoon
She heedeth not the shy aboon,
Nor for the blue-bird careth she.

Her gentle brow is drawn and white,
Her cheeks have lost their hue of rose—
It all hath fled into her toes,
For oh, for ah, her shoon are tight.

The brown cow cometh calm and slow
Adown the hill, all silently;
She hath seen all and now would see
What doth the maiden down below.

And, borne upon the gentle wind,
A shriek resoundeth—fast doth go
That maiden from the scene—but oh!
A button-hook is left behind!

PARSNIP.

BY THE SEA.

The deep, navy-blue waves broke sadly on the loneful strand that stretched away till lost in the bosom of a turquoise sky, radiant with the glimmering jewels of the night. No solitary horseman, etc.

"It is sweet," he began: "to be able to flee from the cares and perplexities of business life, to escape from the close city and its multitudinous noises, and be for the short space of a few weeks in some sequestered bower with nothing to do but lie around and eat."

"Yes," she responded: "and go riding, and play croquet and lawn-tennis in the afternoon, and hear the music in the evening and go bathing in the morning. I think I like bathing best of all. This morning I was in the water for half an hour, and I saw about a dozen little fishes swimming around in the sun just as happy as they could be. Don't you think the fishes have a nice time?"

"I do, indeed—that is when they can keep out of sardine boxes; but, you know, fishes have their little vexations just as we do. They have to swim around for something to eat, and

just as they are getting it, they find it is on a hook and they haven't got any hind legs to reach around with and take the hook out, and the next instant they are jumping around on the sand, while the fair angler springs up on a stump and screams, and asks George to take it off. And then it has a willow wand run rudely into its left upper entrance and through its mouth, and shortly after a lot of its old school-mates are captured and put on the same wand, and they are all hung up on a tree like a rosary of onions in a country cellar. And then often when it is caught, the angler throws it into a basket on top of a lot of sinkers and lines and bait that it can not eat, and a flask that it can't drain, or else he rams his thumb and forefinger into its ears, slaps it down on a board and commences to husk the scales off with a dull one-bladed knife, and all the time—"

"Oh, don't!" she broke in: "let's change the subject."

"All right. How do you like the sea-side?"
 "Pretty well," she replied: "but I didn't sleep well last night."

"What was the matter—mosquitos?"

"No, lobster croquettes."

"Well, I was kept awake the other night; but I had lots of fun. Gingerbread produced the wakefulness and the bed-clothes the fun. There is more solid insomnia in gingerbread than you have anything like an adequate idea of. Good thing to eat before going to church in the country. And then what fun—what delectable enjoyment I had trying to keep those bed-clothes on. I woke up and found half of the quilt on the floor. In hauling it over I got the whole thing crooked, the corners of the quilt fetching up in the middle of the bed and the centre part dangling on the floor. Then I got a hold of the lower end of that quilt with my feet and attempted to straighten it out by a quick kick. I somehow let go of the quilt, and let the foot-board have it so hard with my ankles that the next morning I couldn't get my shoes on. Then I turned over and tried to fling the quilt sideways, and straighten it out by a sudden movement with my feet. This time I didn't hit my ankles; I got it on the toes for a change; and the quilt was all gathered up in a ball, which looked as though it might

be without ends. Let me do what I chose, I couldn't keep my feet out of the cold air. Finally I sat up in bed, and got a hold of that quilt and waved it in the air until it resembled its original self, and let it down straight and flat.

"Was I then happy?"

"Well, no; not exactly.

"Why not?"

"Why, because as soon as I lay down I found the blanket in a ball beside me, and the sheet in a miscellaneous heap at my left shoulder. I then tried to straighten them out with my feet, and before I got through I had the quilt jangled out of tune and on the floor. I looked around to see if the pillow was all right. It was. It also seemed to be enjoying the fun. Getting all the covering back, I worked them around, and in so doing got the under sheet up under my shoulder blades in a heap, and am surprised that the mattress didn't follow suit. Fifteen minutes more of careful work made matters fifteen times worse; for both sheets, the blanket and the quilt got so mixed up that you couldn't tell where they began or ended. Then by this time a small but very select school of mosquitos came through the window and settled on me, and, as I couldn't manage to get the coverings unraveled to shield myself, I got badly bitten. One of them kept right about an inch from my nose.

"'Oh, elfin saw-mill,' said I, taking good aim: 'here goes!'"

And I let fly, fetching myself a lick on the cheek that knocked me half way out of bed. The next shot I missed my head altogether and struck the wall with such force that for two hours I wore my finger-nails on my knuckles. Then I stood up in bed and tried to unravel the covering once more. I hadn't got them more than half unraveled, when I reached out pretty hard to connect with a mosquito that was calmly dining on my ankle. In doing this I lost my balance, and came down on the bed with sufficient force to knock half-a-dozen slats on the floor; and in grabbing at the first thing, I caught the mattress, and, in so doing, hauled it over on me, and there I lay for several minutes inhaling dust and feathers and—"

But just then the fair maiden called his attention to a soda-water sign at one of the hotels, and they hurried on, he saying he would treat her bountifully, and she declaring she thought she would take a little chocolate with some vanilla and cream in it.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

THE LATEST TILE DECORATION CRAZE—Buying a new straw hat.

A JEWISH TRAGEDIAN recently struck a fellow-histrion for calling him a ham.

A SCIENTIST STATES that salt air produces thirst. Now, why does a man drink so much beer at Coney Island—because the air is salt, or because the bottoms of the mugs are so thick and high?

IF YOU WOULD be circumstantially guyed, just allow yourself to be misguided by a tourists' guide. This is an attempt to make a London *Punch* joke without alluding to Algiers or Kandahar.

AS A TIMELY OFFERING for Decoration Day, our E. C. the Philadelphia *Kronicle-Herald* published last week an engraving of a fourteen-year-old girl kissing with filial affection the picture of her father who fell in the War, "before her infant voice could call his name." About three years before, that's all.

A YOUNG MAN-AGERIE.

100 ANIMALS LET LOOSE.

Mary adder little beau
 Who was a gnu-sance quite;
 He'd setter round and would n't go
 And burn the coal and light.
 He'd sq-weazel little tapir waist,
 Which Mary could n't bear,
 And elephant-om stories based
 On some mouse haunted there.
 He'd come anteater up, he'd say,
 Pig-horse she was so sweet;
 And when she'd castor eye away
 He'd say: "I koodoo eat."
 For fear he'd dis-ape-pointer, he
 Woodchuck in Mary's lap
 Each night some cur-ram-ells, and she
 Would 'possum to the chap.
 He'd gazelle a long time in her eyes—
 "'T will make ermine," he thought—
 He'd catch giraffe-ter she would rise
 To leave him, ass she ought.
 He'd say: "The wether fine will grow,"
 Or: "T will reindeer, a heap."
 She'd answer: "Don't jerboa me so,
 Or I will goat to sleep."
 He'd say she was zebu-ty, and
 A swine she'd spark-elk-uite;
 And he was sloth to drop her hand
 When sheep bid him "good night!"
 Her pa, on pup-puss, had his boot
 Steel pointer-d like cur ram,
 And swore he'd gopher that galoot,
 Whom he musquash and lamb.
 "It is a chamois," said: "which must
 Beast-topped. If fallow-deer
 Much longer 't will be wick-kid just—
 They sh-antelope this year."
 So he told marmouse sure rabbits
 Like Mary's troub-bull made.
 "To night ewe sit w-hare Mare-y sits,
 And I'll keep in the shade."
 The beau as usual camel long,
 And boar a pig buck-ay,
 And full of hares he hummed a song
 Hyena lover's way.
 "I'm monkey-dory now," he thought:
 "Fawn none but she is here."
 In parlor dark cat once he sought
 To find his precious steer.
 "I gnu ewe would be hiding, pet!
 Oh, come, mice soul, to me;
 I hope your marten-night may get
 As leopard," whispered he.
 "I've hound you now and, little minks,
 I'll heifer kiss," he said,
 Then wound his arms in loving lynx
 Hare round the mother's head.
 And then the pa began to whale
 As hart as he was sable;
 The little buck who, very pale,
 Did Jumbo-round the table.
 Then pa showed cattle-hog of coal
 And gas the coon had burned,
 And smoled a most ferocious mole
 There rat the youth concerned.
 "Now come! mule pony up!" he cried:
 "Bea-ver yak can vam-moose."
 "All I have catamounts," replied
 The kid: "to naught. No use."
 "It is n't pussy-bull!" pa cried:
 "Yak can't foal me, you know!"
 "I've got some ferret tickets," sighed
 The boy: "Doe let me cow."
 Then pa began to llama-gain
 The cur-ning little boar,
 Who stag herd as boot number ten
 Shot him right through the door.
 And "Good bison-y! St-aye-aye-way!"
 Came to the little beau,
 Who groaned: "When pig enough he'd lay
 That dog-goned buffalo."



had a
 nuisance
 set around
 —as usual
 squeeze a little taper
 bear
 tell her phantom
 some house
 and eat her
 Because
 cast her
 I could oo
 disappoint her
 Would chuck
 caramels
 pass some
 gaze a long
 her mine
 her after
 as
 weather
 rain, dear
 Don't yer bore
 go to
 as beauty
 As wine—sparkle
 was loth
 she bid
 purpose
 pointed—a ram
 go for
 mus' squash—lam
 a shame he
 be stopped—allowed here
 wicked
 shan't elope
 marm how sure habits
 trouble
 you sit where Mary
 or "shades"
 as—came along
 bore a big bouquet
 airs
 High in a
 hunky-dory
 For none
 dark at once
 precious dear
 I knew you
 my soul
 ma to-night
 Asleep hard
 I've found—minx
 have a kiss
 links
 Around
 whale
 as hard as—was able
 buck
 jump around
 catalogue
 gas—coon
 ferocious "smole"
 There at
 you'll pony up
 Before you—vamoose
 got amounts
 kid
 possible
 you can't fool
 ferry tickets
 Do let me go
 to lam again
 cunning—bore
 staggered as

Good-by, sonny, stay away

big
dog-goned buffer low

H. C. DODGE.

FREE LUNCH.

THERE IS NOTHING in this world more aggravating than to lose one sleeve-button. If a man could lose both, it would not be painful. But it is losing one that breaks his heart; for, if the design be unmatchable, he knows he will never be able to use it unless he loses an arm.

NO SMALL BOY can resist the temptation of drawing a stick along a picket-fence as he is passing, because hideous noises please him. If he hasn't a stick for the performance, he substitutes his hand and imagines the noise. It is a great wonder he is not fond of so-called classic music.

WHEN A MAN is wearing pearl-colored trousers he is very careful not to drop ink on them, and, as a natural consequence, they are spotted the first day. When he has on a dark pair he is utterly reckless, and not a drop of ink ever touches them. A man might swim four miles through ink, and not a stitch would be moistened except his shirt front.

FIELDING.

If there happens to be a malarious swamp outside of the cricket ground, and but a single hole in the fence, the cricket ball will find that aperture, and shoot through like lightning and go out and locate on top of an old tin pan. And when you fly over the fence, and take half a plank along in your hand, and ascertain that you can't secure the ball without a pole or getting covered with mud, and that it is impossible to get back on the ground without going all the way round—for the aperture is always furthest from the gate—then you express yourself in the liveliest terms you can command, and conclude to have your shoes cleaned by contract. But your pain is the pleasure of the batsman—not that he laughs at you, for he doesn't; no man ever laughs at a fellow-being in such a sad predicament. Not at all. But if he is tired—and he generally is—he lies on the grass and hopes you may not find the ball for half-an-hour, so that he may have a good rest, and be fully prepared to send the ball through the fence again.

A SPLIT IMMINENT.



The President has begun the work of extermination. He sent into the Senate this morning the name of Mr. Bentley in place of Mr. Lathrop as Collector of Internal Revenue for this district, and the name of Mr. Luby in place of Mr. Sanders as Surveyor of Customs.

It is evidently the purpose of the President to draw the dividing line sharply between the two wings of the party. If so, the fact may be regretted; but the rank and file will accept the issue and abide the event.—*Albany Journal*, May 25th, 1882.

LITERARY NOTE.

"Paul Hart; or, The Love of His Life" is by Uncle Lute, whoever that gentleman may be. The publishers are the gentlemen who are responsible for the English edition of "Pot Bouille." It is hard to understand what could have induced Uncle Lute to write this so-called American story of real life. This is a specimen of the style:

"No, he is not wealthy, and his profession, if he has any, is rather that of an author. He is a poet, Aunt Jane. Do you remember one time, long ago, when you were at our home, a young lady read a poem which you all, especially papa, thought so grand?"

"I remember it well, and often to this day snatches of that beautiful poem run through my mind."

"Well, the author turns out to be Paul Hart," Lisette replied, a thrill of fond pride dispelling the blushes from her cheeks.

"Is your hand promised to Mr. Hart?"

"Oh! no, no," and just a little ripple of a laugh was heard, while the blushes dyed her cheeks so deeply this time that shadows of them remained all day."

Perhaps some of our PUCK readers with strong literary tastes may see the beauties of this passage; if so, we shall not have printed it in vain.

AMUSEMENTS.

Mr. Geo. H. Jessop's "All at Sea" is now all at Boston.

The double-mammoth "Uncle Tom's Cabin" has been succeeded by Mr. Frank I. Frayne, in "Mardo," at NIBLO'S GARDEN.

"La Belle Russe," at WALLACK'S, continues to interest the theatre-going public, and will probably do so until the Summer closure comes off.

"Patience" once more, on Monday night last. This time at the BIJOU OPERA HOUSE, with Lillian Russell, Augusta Roche, Harry St. Maur, J. E. Nash and others.

On Friday next the last matinee of the "Squatter Sovereignty," at HARRIGAN & HART'S THEATRE COMIQUE, will take place, and this place of amusement will lie fallow until the Fall—oh!

Miss Mary Anderson will not go to Europe, but will sail the Shrewsbury blue on a yacht called the "Galatea." There is one consolation about an actress's yacht. For, unlike an actress's diamonds, it cannot be stolen.

The management of the MADISON SQUARE THEATRE made its ice contract early in the Winter; that is why it can afford to be so liberal in icing the air that the audiences breathe who go to enjoy "Esmeralda."

On Friday night, at the ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Mme. Amalia Friedrich-Materna will give a farewell concert assisted by several distinguished artists. She will not be handicapped by the late Thomas festival mis-managers.

We have no reason to alter our opinion regarding Mr. Robert G. Morris's "Old Shipmates," at HAVERLY'S FOURTEENTH STREET THEATRE. It is conventionally nautical, but direct and entertaining in action. Miss Cayvan's *Little Hattie* deserves praise.

"The Mascot" is now in its second month at the GERMANIA THEATRE. The house has been filled nightly. The "Merry War" is in preparation, although so long as "The Mascot" proves such a success, it would not be safe to predict when there will be a change of bill.

Miss Julia A. Hunt is an earnest and interesting young actress, who appears at ABBEY'S PARK THEATRE as *Florinel* in the new dramatic romance of that name. The play is airy and picturesque, and will doubtless find favor with numbers of persons who go to the theatre to be amused.

Miss Imogene Brown appeared, on Saturday night, at the STANDARD, in the second act of "Fra Diavolo," preceded by the eternal "Pinafore." This concluded the engagement of the Hess Opera Company. On Monday, Baker and Farron exhibited themselves in "Max Muller."

The Summer theatrical season may indeed be said to have begun.

Africa having sent us Jumbo, her sister continent, Asia, is not to be out-done. So it will ship, send, and in good order deliver a royal Bengal elephant, known to his playmates along the Ganges as "Bamboo." The quadruped will be consigned to the Kiralfy brothers, and will bring with him his own palanquin for the accommodation of sixteen Kiralfy coryphées. Bamboo's debut will occur in "The Black Venus," but he will take no part in the ballet.

At the ST. GEORGE'S GROUND, at Hoboken, on Wednesday last, a Thespian Eleven provided some excellent leather-hunting for a rival eleven composed of newspaper men. The PUCK contingent did not cover itself with glory, but two *Herald* representatives made up for its shortcomings, Mr. Cholmondeley-Jones, as long-stop, not allowing any byes, and Mr. Satterthwaite and also Mr. Jessop making their moderate scores in true cricketing style. Mr. Tearle, of Wallack's Theatre, took one wicket after another for a succession of duck's eggs. The return match is to come off shortly, when the journalists hope to do better.

"CRUSHED AGAIN!"



A REPORT REACHES THE N. Y. "HERALD" OFFICE OF THE ENGAGEMENT OF PRINCESS BEATRICE.

HILDEGARDE'S FOLLY;

OR,
THE VENGEANCE OF A LIFE.
By MISS MATSELL, of Arizona.

The window shades of night were falling at their leisure.

Lord Addlethwaite paused at the threshold of Balbriggan Castle, undecided what to do. At his side dangled his tried and trusty and rather rusty sword.

His palfrey stood on the lawn languidly eating a sweet potato-vine that was falling airily from the taper fingers of a cast-iron ancient without any clothes on.

Cautiously Lord Addlethwaite strode into the boudoir, where the Lady Amena was reading the opening chapters of a novel in *Um die Welt*.

As his lordship entered, the fair Amena grasped a silver-plated stiletto; and, with a hurried, maddened glance, rushed forward, at the same time raising it above her raven curls, and with a lithe, cat-like spring—

For the continuation of this highly thrilling, moral and entertaining story see PUCK ON WHEELS, of all news-dealers, on or about June 15th. Price 25 cents.

Answers for the Anxious.

PRETZEL.—Thanks.

HASELTINE.—Her summer resort is Garubayo—see PUCK ON WHEELS for 1882.

MALTA.—If you have any MS. to send here, send it; don't inquire beforehand. We make more stamps off the MS.

G. K. THORNTON.—You ask of us a somewhat difficult service:

U. S. STEAMSHIP "HAMILTON," }
May 30th, 1882. }

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

Will you have the kindness to publish, in your next issue, that piece of poetry which I think was originally from *Blackwood's*, namely: "Where the Blackbird Sings"? I have forgotten it. It begins this way: "In the quiet country road," etc.

GEO. K. THORNTON,
Formerly of the Collins' Line of Steamers,
[On the Canal Street Pier.]

We should be very happy to oblige you; but there are several difficulties in the way. The number of *Blackwood's* in which that poem was originally printed was burned up in our little fire. Still, we won't disappoint you; we have taken the trouble to have one or two little blackbird poems written by our office-bards. You can take your choice. Here they are:

WHERE THE BLACKBIRD SINGS.

In the quiet country road,
She and I once gaily go; go;
We were in a carryall;
And she wore a Paisley shawl.
Death is quite an awful snap,
Vizored is the youthful cap;
Shingles deck the stable roof;
So she wore a waterproof.
Why do wicked little boys
Take delight in naughty noise?
Weave the warp and weave the weft,
Ariadne once got left.
Dogs enjoy a meaty bone;
Singular of Jon's is Jone.
This is not from "Pinafore,"
Let there be no waste of gore.
"Will you marry me?" I said;
But she answered: "Nixie wed!
You are fresher than Jim Bings.
Go to—where the blackbird sings."

In the quiet country road
Where the urchin bangs the toad
On the head and makes him ill,
Often I, on evenings still,
Wandered with Rebecca Jane,
Rigged in bonnet cheap and plain,
And we saw the shining stars
In each others oculars.

Down where truth lies in a well,
There I courted lovely Nell;
And I kissed her lovely lips,
Because she gave me racing tips.
Then I married her in church,
And day by day we gaily perch
On the window-sill sublime,
Where there we 'll sit till end of time.

Where the blackbird sings I go
In the quiet afterglow,
And I lie upon the ground
In a reverie profound.
Then my mindlet softly strays
To a realm of yesterdays,
When I guzzled, by the lake,
Aftermaths of Johnny-cake.
Where the blackbird sings, it's fun
To go walking with a gun,
And the blackbird knock awry
For a toothsome stew or pie.

The last one was written by our office-boy, who doesn't seem to have quite grasped the idea.

SAM THOMAS, Brandon.—We are always pleased to hear words of grateful and intelligent appreciation, and although your spelling is a little queer, we appreciate the friendliness that prompted your letter.

S. S. O'NEIL.—If you sent us those Puckerings to avenge a murdered father or an assassinated grandfather, or to square yourself for any other wrong we may have done you, it is all right. Otherwise your act is one of intolerable injustice and cruelty.



OFFICE OF "PUCK" 23 WARREN ST. NEW YORK.

UNCLE SAM'S DREAM

UNCLE SAM:—"Look here, you, everybody else is quiet & peace"

P U C K.



M'S LODGING-HOUSE.

is quiet & peaceable, and you're all the time a-kicking up a row!"

MAYER MERKEL & OTTMANN, LITH. 23-25 WARREN ST. N.Y.

THEIR CITY BOARDERS.

A CONNECTICUT ROMANCE.

Five o'clock in the afternoon of a hot July day. A cool breeze, sweeping down the long, shady country road, brings welcome relief to the panting kine who stand by the trough in Deacon Sperry's barn-yard.

"Ann Elize" Sperry, attired in a new dress of obsolete style, and wearing an elaborate false front of hair and many bits of oroid jewelry, peers anxiously from her chamber window down the road leading to the village.

The Deacon, in an unwonted condition of cleanliness, roams uneasily through the lower part of the house and finally brings up in the kitchen, where his wife is busy preparing the evening meal.

"Pears to me it's time that stage was a-comin'," says the good man, glancing nervously at the old kitchen clock and then at the window.

"Naow, Hezekiah, don't you bother me; just you step into the best room and wait till I git everythin' ready for the city folk. I don't think much of this 'ere boarder business; but 's long as Ann Elize hes sot her mind on it, we'll hev to give in, I s'pose."

"There they be now! I swan ef the old stage ain't runnin' over with them!" exclaimed the Deacon with sudden animation, as his eye fell upon the old red vehicle toiling slowly along through the dust: "Ann Elize, be you all ready? They're a comin'."

They evidently were "a-coming." The old stage fairly brimmed over with passengers.

On the box by the driver sat an elderly gentleman with white whiskers, with a small child carefully stowed between him and the

Jehu. On the deck of the vehicle, so to put it, four other children crawled, much to the annoyance of a trim French nurse, who was obliged, every two seconds, to rake in a child, as a croupier rakes in the gains of "the house."

The head of an elderly lady protruded from one window, where two or three other children tried to squeeze their faces, while from the other window a young man and a young woman looked out together, much to the detriment of his hat and her bonnet.

"Them be they, Ann Elize," said the Deacon, striving to look dignified and indifferent.

Miss Ann Eliza tossed her head, and made a gesture of indifference that displayed to the best advantage her leg-of-mutton sleeves, style of 1849, went out with the Leghorn hat.

"Lor, pa," said she, with lady-like nonchalance: "that ain't nothin'."

The stage drew up at the door.

"Folks for you, Deac'n," said the driver.

The folks got out, one by one. A sudden paralysis had seized the good old Deacon. He neither moved nor spoke nor stirred. Ann Eliza had fled already.

"How are you, Cousin Sperry?" said the old gentleman with the white whiskers: "we heard that the Smiths, who were coming to board with you, had decided to go to Canada—he was a cashier, you know—and so we knew you'd have room for us—and we were sure you'd be glad to see us—never forget your city cousins, eh? Here we are, the whole Smith family, Cousin Sperry. The old place is looking beautiful, isn't it?"

IN PREPARATION:

PUCK ON WHEELS

For the Summer of 1882.

NO CONCILIATION!



SCENE.—PENNSYLVANIA.

Alarums.—Enter MACDUFF MITCHELL and MACBETH CAMERON.

MACBETH: "***** I'll not yield—

Yet I will try the last. Lay on Macduff,

And damn'd be he that first cries: 'Hold, enough!'"

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. CCXXVII.

CLUB MATTERS.



Ya-as, when I allowed myself to accompany the parade of the Coaching Club the othah day, some fellows who were sitting in aw close pwoximity to me, began discussing the question of my wecent wesignation from the club.

Mrs. Fitznoodle, who aw, by-the-way, had a tremendous bouquet of Jacqueminot woses, seemed interested in the conversation, and Jack Carnegie also took some part in it, as he was sitting on the top of the coach immediately in the we-ah of us.

"Ye know," remarked one of these fellows to me: "since you have wesigned aw the Governing Committee has expelled one of the offending membahs and has severely censurwed the othah one."

The fellow who addresswed me was attirwed in a light-coloredwed tightly-fitting fwock-coat, with dark twousahs and dwab hat. Not half bad, but somewhat too pwonounced to come up entirely to my aw standard of corwect costume.

"Ya-as," Mrs. Fitznoodle said: "I am extremely glad that the wesignation of my husband had the wewult of awakening the club authorwities to a wealizing sense of the dweadful disgwace bwrought on the organization and everwybody connected with it."

Aw my wife has a gweat deal of spirwit, and when she expwesses her mind fwely she invariably does so in exceedingly choice and appwopwiate language.

Jack observed that a wumah had weached his e-ahs that the expelled membah was positively furwious, and had wesolved to bwing a lawsuit against the club to compel it to weinstate him and make the amende honorwable, especially as he had quite wecently paid aw two hundred pounds faw the pwivilege of wemaining a membah faw the remaindah of his life.

Then there were severel cwies that I should be the final orwacle and expwess my opinion.

"It is," I wemarked: "absurd to suppose that a club shouldn't have the aw powah to expel any membah who behaves disgwacefully. If it can elect him it can expel him."

"Pwecisely," interrupted Jack: "in spite of what the law may have to say."

"Aw," I continued: "as there seems some diversity of opinion on the subject, I think, in ordah to save a vow, the best plan would be to send back to the disgwaced membah his two hundred pounds, and then, perwhaps, he would not twy to be weinstate, faw if he is the club will stand no bettah."

He-ah we arwived at the Bwunswick, and I helped to hand the ladies down faw wewfeshments aw.

NOW THE AIRY LADY-KILLER

Getteth off his wild invective
Tive when doth the caterpillar,
Tumble down his neck

From a limb
In the woodland cool and dim.

THE Sun SAYS there is a tremendous decline in business. We think it must be in sympathy with the stock market.

REJECTED ARTICLES PUCK ne'er returns:
In Spring he tears them, and in Winter burns.

IMPRESSIONS DU BOWERY.

When rosy morning opes her window wide,
And Sol pours down his rays, a golden tide,
And early tramps, along thy sunny side,
Bathe their hot brains in cheap, but cooling, drinks,
O Bowery,

Thou art a mildly uninviting way.
But when the glass of Time marks nigh mid-day,
And busy thousands jostle, rush and sway,
'T were best to take some other way, methinks,
O Bowery.

But when the shades of evening o'er thee fall,
And glaring lights burst forth, and one and all
Thy dives belch out vile forms of things that crawl
To seek their prey with wiles that hell invents,
O Bowery:

Ah, then, with flaming lights and shadows fell
Beneath the tall arches of the noisy "L,"
Thou seem'st in verity the road to—well—
Thou should'st of right be paved with good intents,
O Bowery.

F. I. C.

CONCERNING CROWS.

People with whimsical propensities—innate fun-lovers—seem to find something irresistibly ridiculous in certain animals; and this, too, without any particular provocation. I have seen many a quiet man, with a lurking twinkle in his eye, smile, chuckle, and finally fling himself back in an ungovernable fit of laughter, from merely watching a sedate hen as she scratches for her breakfast, or a lackadaisical dog aimlessly wandering hither and thither, with an absurdly *blasé* look upon his grizzled countenance. And there is something, when we come to think of it, deliciously funny in the human resemblances and aptitudes of the lower animals. A monkey will make a misanthrope laugh. A strutting cock, who carries, as it were, his heart upon his sleeve, and makes such a frank parade of his egotism that you almost forgive him for it, should he by chance come to any embarrassing little mishap, inspires a burst of merriment no less genuine than the human snob would waken in like circumstances. It is nothing inherent in brute nature itself that is so amusing, but the likeness to certain attributes and exhibitions of human nature—a relation more ridiculous for its very remoteness and incongruity. Only those animals which can assume, or have imposed upon them, a likeness to ourselves, are humorous. One hardly ever laughs at a horse or a cat or a sheep; but a dog, a monkey, a hen or a crow—

Which brings us to our proper subject. The crow (*corvus Americanus*)—which, by the way, is a whimsicality in nomenclature, is it not?—belongs to a very large and not very respectable feathered family, of which the buzzard may claim to be the first-born and the heir, and the magpie the spoilt child and the baby.

Corvus Americanus Crow—for, if you will notice, the middle members of a family always have middle names—is a trim-built, medium-sized fellow, with a clerical aspect and a chronic clergyman's sore throat. There is nothing particularly remarkable in his outward appearance, except that he is black all over and waddles like a duck. But never mind that. Most remarkable characters possess their excellence within, not without. *Corvus* is aware that he is a smart fellow. Most smart fellows are—and also some that are not smart. *Corvus* reminds me most irresistibly, and under all circumstances, of the Shepherd in Dickens's "Pickwick Papers." To be sure, he hasn't a red nose; but then he has a black one; and for all practical purposes that amounts to the same thing. It has the same clandestine keenness for creature comforts, and the same deprecatory snuffle, I imagine, when caught in the exercise of its peculiar propensity. *Corvus* also loves his flock with a sort of gregarious love vastly like the Shepherd's. He is a hypocritical, insinuating, unprincipled, successful knave, and he knows it.

Watch him over the cornfield in June—watch in spirit, or at a distance, I mean; for he would surely detect your presence, hide never so well as you might, and wing away, with an insulting sneer, to fresh fields and pastures new. First he soars over the field at a most contemptuous altitude, cawing all the while at the top of his brazen voice, and giving the whole world to understand that he has an engagement somewhere at the ends of the earth which he is bound to meet if it takes a wing. As soon as he has arrived at an unsuspicious distance, however, his cawing decreases in vehemence, and finally stops. He makes a lunge or two in a careless, swaggering fashion, and lights on top of a pine tree—if it is there; if it isn't, he doesn't light. *Corvus* has a propensity for pine trees, equally as strong, if not as easily accounted for, as the Shepherd's propensity for taverns. We will suppose that the tree is there, and that he lights upon it.

In the dark foliage, himself a dark, wily rascal, he sits silent until he thinks his vociferous hegira has been accomplished in the minds of men. Then he takes wing again, and, flying low, and keeping every available fence and tree between himself and a possible observer, returns to the cornfield, drops boldly down among the young corn and goes to work. He absorbs cereals as the Shepherd absorbed concoctions, with a sort of fierce sanctimoniousness that both amuses and angers one.

Many a time have I sat at my window in the attic and watched, with a pair of book-sharpened eyes, my friend *Corvus* away over yonder on the sunny slope, gorging himself with the swelled kernels. I have alternately laughed and reached for my rifle on the wall; but it always ended in *Corvus* getting a square meal,

and my neighbors losing a prospective bushel of maize.

But the most ridiculous phase of the life of my feathered friend in black comes in the early Autumn, when the corvi juniores get ready to totter out on a bough of the pine homestead and wait their intentions of taking flight. Then, indeed, the whole family is at the mercy of every prowling vagabond in the land.

Corvus, for once, is too miserably anxious to be wary. The little corvi will *not* take flight, beseech them as he will, and their querulous and incessant complaint has attracted the attention and roused the indignation of the whole neighborhood. What boy, I should like to know, can resist the anguished, importunate scream of a young crow bewailing the necessity of flight? Not even though he were schoolward bound, with a parental commission in his pocket, laying him under the necessity of profitable castigation at the teacher's hand, could he refuse to turn aside and shy a few stones at the young hypocrites on the branch, by way of reprisal.

But let the professional vagabond appear upon the scene, with his ancient fire-arm charged with a handful of blasting-powder and tamped with half the intelligence of the day, and the *Corvus* family is badly off indeed—especially if there be a neighboring stump or fence to serve as a base of operations for the gunner. One by one the helpless young corvi will drop sprawling from the branch, vociferous even in death. The parent birds, hoarse with indignation, swoop round and round, or, lighting on a tree-top, rock to and fro like mourners at an Irish wake. Finally their turn comes, too. The murderous fire-arm, swinging upon its pivot, is brought to bear upon them, till all that remains of the *Corvus* family is a heap of black feathers and the echo of a dying squall.

But fortunately for whimsical folks and the lower grade of Nimrods, crows are absolutely inexterminable. Though you were to blacken the earth with their corpses, the sun would still be darkened with those that remain. They will eat just so much corn, and devour just so many grubs, and afford just so much amusement, as long as the world lasts. So we might as well make up our minds that what can't be helped must be borne, and leave off trying to get rid of the Chinese and the crows.

PAUL PASTNOR.

GOOD BABIES.

'Tis a jolly day from East to West,
For children thrive, and mothers rest,
The darling girls all named VICTORIA,
And, with the boys, they have CASTORIA.
It is a fact, there is no "maybe,"
A mother's milk can't save the baby,
While sweet CASTORIA digests their food,
Gives them health and makes them good.

Hundreds of persons annoyed with Skin Diseases have been made happy by Swayne's Ointment. Ever know this!

ROSS'S ROYAL BELFAST GINGER ALE.
Sole Manufactory: Belfast, Ireland.

In Preparation:
PUCK ON WHEELS NO. III.

PATENT COVERS FOR FILING PUCK.

They are simple, strong and easily used. Preserve the papers perfectly, as no holes are punched through them. Will always lie open, even when full. Allow any paper on file to be taken off without disturbing the rest. Price \$1.00. By mail to any part of the United States or Canada, \$1.25.

KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN,

21, 23 & 25 Warren St., N. Y.

READ'S GRAND DUCHESS COLOGNE.
MADE OF OTTO OF ROSES AND FRENCH FLOWERS.
Sold by all Druggists at 25 cents and \$1.00 a bottle.
WM. H. READ, Baltimore & Light Sts., Baltimore, Md.

THE STRAWBERRY-SHORT-CAKE SEASON.



A NEW GAME AT OUR BOARDING-HOUSE.—"WHO 'LL GET THE STRAWBERRY?"

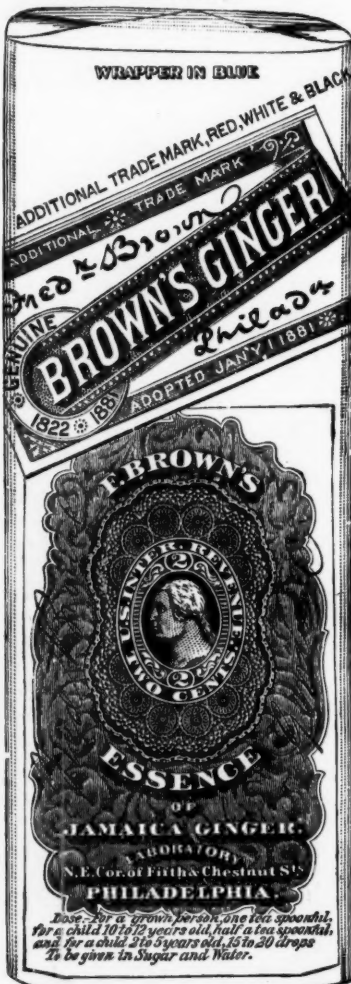
CAUTION!

Unprincipled persons desiring to deceive the public with their imitations, usually copy

- I. The FLASK-shaped Bottle.
- II. The BLUE Wrapper.
- III. The general style of steel engraved Trade-Mark LABEL adopted 1858, for BROWN'S GENUINE GINGER.

The additional Trade-Mark in Red, White and Black, was adopted Jan. 1, 1881, to meet just such FRAUDS.

Below is a fac-simile of Wrapped Bottle (reduced $\frac{1}{2}$) of Frederick Brown's Ginger.



For sale by Druggists, Grocers and General Dealers in all parts of the world.



Mark's Adjustable Folding-Chair Co.

were awarded a gold medal at the recent Cotton Exposition, at Atlanta. Send for illustrated catalogue. 850 BROADWAY, N. Y. 234 S. CLARK STREET, Chicago, Ill.

"Nine Letter Puzzle," by mail 12 cents. Address "PUZZLE," 446 Broome Street.



**GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.
BAKER'S
Breakfast Cocoa.**

Warranted absolutely pure Cocoa, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

It is surprising how great a young man can become by a year or two's residence in Europe. Nice, quiet, unobtrusive fellows, and liked by everybody before they go, they come home blatant, swaggering and cheeky, with an opinion on all subjects, the self-estimated superiority of which may be gauged by the frequency and vehemence of its unrequested and unrequired expression. It is often a wonder to us how it came about that Bismarck or Gambetta or Gladstone ever let these sages escape from their individual dominions, when, with the help of their sagacious judgement, the questions that have been agitating Europe for years could have been so easily settled. Indeed, how Europe holds together at all, now that these young men have left her to her fate, is what puzzles us most.—*S. F. News Letter.*

GOVERNOR CRITTENDEN claims that since Jesse James's death, travel in Missouri has increased, even commercial travelers coming to the state in large numbers. We do not believe any commercial traveler ever stayed away from Missouri on account of Jesse James, if there was any business there. They are not that kind of people. Most of them would have taken a grip sack and gone to Jesse's house to sell revolvers and cartridges by sample, if there was a chance of driving a bargain.—*Peck's Sun.*

A FOREIGNER who wrote an article on the American Congress, in which he said it was composed of pirates, cut-throats, highwaymen, embezzlers, pickpockets and other outlaws, admitted that he never was within three thousand miles of Washington, but simply gleaned his information from American newspapers.—*Norristown Herald.*

It is said that under certain conditions flour becomes as explosive as gunpowder, presumably when it is rammed down in a barrel, which it seldom is.—*Lowell Citizen.*

BED-BUGS, ROACHES,

Rats, mice, ants, flies, vermin, mosquitoes, insects, etc., cleared out by "Rough on Rats." 15c. boxes at druggists.

A beautiful fit may be secured in boots or shoes without discomfit by using German Corn Remover. 25 cents.

BISMARCK

flavors his Champagne with ANGOSTURA BITTERS, the world renowned appetizer. Have it on your table. Ask your Grocer or Druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siebert & Sons.

**DECKER
BROTHERS'
PIANOS,
33 UNION SQUARE, N. Y.**

FRAGRANT VANITY FAIR, THREE KINGS, AND NEW VANITY FAIR.
9 FIRST PRIZE MEDALS.

DELICIOUS CIGARETTES.
Over One Hundred Millions sold in 1881.
UNRIVALED FOR PURITY.

**JOSEPH GILLOTT'S
STEEL PENS**

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.
GOLD MEDAL PARIS EXPOSITION-1878.



The Wilson Patent Adjustable Chair,

WITH THIRTY CHANGES OF POSITIONS. Parlor, Library, Invalid Chair, Child's Crib, Bed or Lounge, combining beauty, lightness, strength, simplicity and comfort. Everything to an exact science. Orders by mail promptly attended to. Goods shipped to any address, C. O. D. Send for Illustrated Circulars. Quote PUCK. Address the WILSON ADJUSTABLE CHAIR

MANUFACTURING CO., 661 Broadway, N. Y.

The Largest Retail Clothing House in America.

SPRING AND SUMMER 1882.

Men's, Youths', Boys' and Children's
READY-MADE CLOTHING
in Large Assortment.

Custom Tailoring by Leading Artists.

BRONNER & CO.,

610, 612, 614, 616, 618 BROADWAY,
Cor. Houston St., N. Y.

Established 1838.

PACHTMANN & MOELICH,

Importers, Manufacturers and Dealers in
**Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry,
Solid Silver & Plated Wares,**
383 CANAL STREET,
Bet. S. 5th Ave. & Wooster St., New York.



Bargains in every department.
Nickel Stem Winders, \$5. Solid silver American Watches, \$10.—Stem Winders, \$14. Solid Gold Stem Winders, \$25. Diamond Studs, \$10 and upwards. Wedding Rings, \$3 and upwards. The largest assortment of Jewelry at lowest prices. Repairing of every description neatly executed. Goods sent C. O. D. to any part of the U. S. New Illustrated Price List.

CANDY

Send one, two, three or five dollars for a retail box, by express, of the best Candies in the World, put up in handsome boxes. All strictly pure. Suitable for presents. Try it once.

Address **C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,**
78 Madison St., Chicago.

THE BEST THE QUEBER WATCH CASE

GOLD

RUBY'S ROYAL GILDING

USEFUL IN EVERY HOUSE.

Send two 3c. stamps for a splendid little book called "Fashionable Decorations in Gold and other Rich Metals."

N. Y. Chem'l Mfg. Co., 3 E. 4th St., N. Y.

OUR SCRAP-BOOK PACK.

Put up expressly for Card Collectors. Contains 50 Elegant Large Chromo Advertising Cards. All the new designs complete in sets, embracing Gold, Silver and different bright-colored tints, etc. Price, by mail, postpaid, 25 cents. Address C. TOLLNER, Brooklyn, N. Y.



"JUST OUT,"

BOOK OF INSTRUCTION

IN THE USE OF

**INDIAN CLUBS,
DUMB-BELLS,**

And other exercises. Also in the Games of QUOITS, ARCHERY, ETC.

Fully illustrated, bound in cloth. Price 25 CENTS. SENT TO ANY PART OF THE U. S. ON THE RECEIPT OF 30c POSTAGE STAMPS
M. BORNSTEIN, Publisher,
15 Ann St. New York.

SUPERIOR FISHING TACKLE.



We offer a fine 3-joint Fly Rod, 15-yard Brass Reel, 100-ft. Linen Line, 3 Flies, 3 Hooks to gut, and Leader, complete, by express, for \$5.00; by mail, postpaid, \$5.50. Sample flies by mail, postpaid, 10c. each; per dozen, \$1.00. 1 three-piece Trout Rod, 1 Float, 1 Brass Reel, 100 ft. Linen Line, 3 dozen Hooks, 1 Sinkers, 1 Gut Leader, all for \$2.75.

LAWN TENNIS OUTFITS.

GENERAL CATALOGUE for 1882, 126 pages, 800 illustrations of Firemen, Boating, Gymnasium and Sporting Goods of every description sent by mail for 10 cts.

PECK & SNYDER,
126, 128 & 130 Nassau St., N. Y.

**COLUMBIA
BICYCLES**

Made of very best material by the most skilled workmen, expressly for road use.

COLUMBIAS

Are the favorite with riders, and their superiority in beauty, structure and finish is acknowledged by all.

Send 3c. stamp for elegantly illustrated 36-page Catalogue, with price-lists and full information.

THE POPE MFG. CO.,

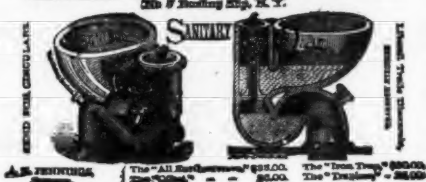
575 Washington St.,
BOSTON, MASS.

NEW YORK RIDING SCHOOL,
34th Street, near 3rd Ave.



JENNINGS' SANITARY DEPOT**JENNINGS' PATENT WATER CLOSETS.**

Mention this paper.



The "All Purpose" \$25.00 The "New Type" \$30.00
The "Old" \$20.00 The "Double" \$25.00

Nickel Fixture with Three Rolls of Paper.

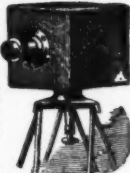
**BILLIARD BALLS.**

FOR BEST IVORY BILLIARD AND POOL BALLS, AT LOWEST PRICES, CALL OR ADDRESS,

F. J. Kaldenberg, 125 FULTON ST., NEW YORK**AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.**

The most delightful, instructive and profitable of the arts, for ladies or gentlemen, is easily mastered by use of the complete Dry Plate outfit, and full instructions furnished with.

WALKER'S POCKET CAMERAS. Accurate, compact, weighing but two pounds, invaluable for tourists. An Essay on Modern Photography, beautifully illustrated, with sample photograph produced by this instrument in the hands of amateurs, sent on receipt of Ten Cents. Circulars Free. Wm. H. Walker & Co., Box A, 500, Rochester, N. Y.



THE history of music has never given us a more ravishingly seductive instrument than the xylophone. It's nature's own melody. Talk about the curfew bell or the warble of the bobolink or the ripple of mountain streams if you please, but the musical washboard, known as the xylophone, scoops them all. Make a picket fence with pickets of different lengths and pound on it with a stick of stove-wood, and you have the xylophone. It is cheaper than the piano, and can yield almost as much divine racket. It is within the reach of all, and yet it is wonderfully soothing to the ear. The xylophone in appearance resembles a corduroy bridge, and in sound resembles the song of the male Guinea hen as he coos to his mate.—*Nye's Boomerang.*

COFFEE-COLORED table-cloths are now the fashion. People owning white ones, however, need not replace them. Only let them stay on the table for a while without washing, and they'll color.—*Lowell Citizen.*

SPITTOONS are furnished in New Preston churches for the accommodation of tobacco chewers. It is useless to protest against this. We can only wearily hope that their aim is good.—*Danbury News.*

ONE man shot and killed another in West Virginia for refusing to drink with him. Our life would not be very safe in West Virginia.—*Norristown Herald.*

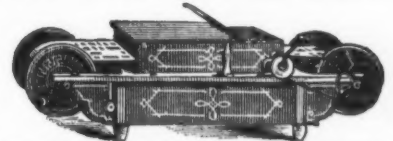
\$10 SAVED!

More sickness and misery will be prevented and cured with \$1 worth of Hop Bitters than by \$20 in doctors' visits. They cure when all else fails.

THE BIGGEST THING OUT Illustrated Book. Sent Free. E. NASON & CO., 111 Nassau St., N. Y.

SOHMER

PIANOS.
PREFERRED BY LEADING ARTISTS.
Salesroom: 149-155 E. 14th Street, N. Y.

THE ORGUINETTE

IS THE MOST WONDERFUL MUSIC-PRODUCING INSTRUMENT IN THE WORLD.

IT PLAYS EVERYTHING—SACRED, SECULAR AND POPULAR!

IT IS A MARVEL OF CHEAPNESS, AND THE KING OF MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS!

Large Pipe Organs, Pianos and Reed Organs may all be seen operating mechanically as Orguettes, Musical Cabinets, and Cabinetos, at the most novel and interesting music warehouses in the world.

No. 831 Broadway, Between 12th and 13th Sts. NEW YORK.

THE MECHANICAL ORGUINETTE CO.
Sole Manufacturers and Patentees. Send for Circular.

G. ROBERT MARTIN,
31 COURTLAND STREET, NEW YORK.



Manufacturer of the celebrated MARTIN'S GUITAR, and proprietor and manufacturer of Dobson's Patent Closed Back Banjo, send for Illustrated Catalogue, and mention this paper.

DR. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC HAIR BRUSH.**A MARVELLOUS SUCCESS!!****NOW RECOMMENDED BY OUR BEST PHYSICIANS.**

Which has won its way to Royal favor in England, been cordially endorsed by the Prince and Princess of Wales, and written upon by the Rt. Honorable W. E. Gladstone, is now brought to the notice of the American public. It cures by natural means, will always do good, never harm, and is a remedy lasting for many years. It should be used daily in place of the ordinary Hair Brush. The Brush Handle is made of a new odorless composition resembling ebony; a combination of substances PRODUCING A PERMANENT ELECTRO-MAGNETIC CURRENT WHICH ACTS IMMEDIATELY UPON THE HAIR GLANDS AND FOLLICLES. This power can always be tested by a silver compass which accompanies each Brush.

Not a Wire Brush but Pure Bristles.**IT IS WARRANTED TO CURE**

Nervous Headache in 5 Minutes! Bilious Headache in 5 Minutes! Neuralgia in 5 Minutes! Dandruff and Diseases of the Scalp! Prevent Falling Hair and Baldness! Promptly Arrest Premature Greyness! Make the Hair Grow Long and Close! The Continued Use of Pills, etc., Works Irreparable Injury. Ask any Physician.

Will positively produce a rapid growth of hair on bald heads, where the glands and follicles are not totally destroyed.

Proprietors: The Pall Mall Electric Association of London.
New York Branch: 842 Broadway.

We cordially invite you to write us for Circulars of Dr. Scott's Electric Hair Brush and Electric Corset. PRICE \$3.00.



[From Rev. Dr. Bridgeman.]

"BROOKLYN.

"GENTLE—I have never before given a testimonial, but am willing to encourage the use of an honest remedy. I am so pleased with your Hair Brush that I deem it my duty to write you recommending it most cordially. My hair, about a year since, commenced falling out, and I was rapidly becoming bald; but since using the Brush a thick growth of hair has made its appearance, quite equal to that which I had previous to its falling out. I have tried other remedies but with no success. After this remarkable result I purchased one for my wife, who has been a great sufferer from headache, and she finds it a prompt and infallible remedy."

"A. C. Bridgeman, D.D."

Ask for DR. SCOTT'S TAKE NO OTHER. See that name is on the box. Avoid those WIRE Brushes which injure the Scalp and promote Baldness.

Jas. R. Chapman, the Mayor of Saratoga—President of the Bank and Gas Co.—writes thus: "July, 1831. It always cures my headaches in a few minutes, and is an excellent brush, well worth the price, aside from its curative powers." Geo. Thornburgh, Esq., Speaker of the House of Representatives, Little Rock, Arkansas, writes: "Feb. 12, 1881. This is my first testimonial. My wife was getting bald; the brush has entirely stopped the falling hair and started a new growth. I use it for Dandruff; it works like a charm. Several friends have bought and used them for headache, and they have never failed to cure them in about three minutes. Mayor Pender uses it with like results. This is strictly true, and given by me voluntarily without solicitation." "An infallible remedy for curing neuralgia in five minutes."—British Medical Index.

A BEAUTIFUL BRUSH, LASTING FOR YEARS.

We will send it on trial, postpaid, on receipt of \$3.00, which will be returned if not as represented. Inclose 10 cents extra and we guarantee safe delivery into your hands; or will send it by express, C. O. D., at your expense, with privilege of opening and examining. But expressage adds considerably to your cost. Or request your nearest Druggist or Fancy Store to obtain one for you, and be sure Dr. Scott's name is on the box. Remittances should be made payable to GEO. A. SCOTT, 842 Broadway, New York. They can be made in Checks, Drafts, Post-Office Orders, Currency, or Stamps. LIBERAL DISCOUNT TO THE TRADE. Agents Wanted in Every Town.

WE CAN REFER TO 860,000 WHO WILL TESTIFY IN THEIR FAVOR.

No. 194 FIFTH AVENUE,
Under Fifth Ave. Hotel.
No. 212 BROADWAY,
Corner Fulton Street.

STYLES ARE CORRECT!!

Agents for the sale of these remarkable **HATS** can be found in every city in the U. S.

All Hats manufactured by this house are the recognized standard of excellence throughout the world. None genuine without the trademark.

KNOX, THE HATTER'S WORLD RENOWNED

ENGLISH HATS,
"Martin's" Umbrellas.
"DENTS" GLOVES.
Foreign Novelties.
QUALITY — THE BEST!!

Messrs.
JAMES McCREERY & CO.
have placed on their retail counters, several large lots of Black Rhadames and Merveilleux, at prices from \$1.00 to \$2.50 a yard.

No corresponding advantage to purchasers has ever been previously offered.

They have also marked down a lot of Rich Satin Brocade, very suitable for combination with the above mentioned goods.

JAMES McCREERY & CO.
Broadway, cor. 11th St.

ORGANS
27 Stops, 10 Sets Reeds, \$109.75



The Famous Beethoven Organ with a beautiful Pipe Top, Handsome Black Walnut Case, suitable for the Parlor, Church or Sabbath School. Shipped on one year's trial, with Organ Bench, Stool and Music, ONLY

\$109.75

Remit by Bank Draft, Post Office Order or Registered Letter. Money refunded with interest if not as represented after one year's use. Organs built on the old plan, \$30, \$40, \$50, 8 to 11 stops. Catalogue FREE. Address or call upon DANIEL P. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.



CRANDALL & CO.,

OLDEST RELIABLE HOUSE.
PREMIUM BABY CARRIAGES,
with latest improvements; Crandall's parasol top, shifting to any position. Send for price list. Goods shipped C. O. D.
Warehouses—Third Ave., bet. 37th & 38th Sts.
Ask for the Genuine Crandall Safety Carriage.

In the Washington newspaper offices they have pails of ice-water standing around handy, like fire buckets on a steamboat or in a hotel. When a man comes in to tell about a new scheme he has for reaching the North Pole, all hands grab a pail of ice-water and they souse him, and he goes out seeking a warmer climate. If this ice-water treatment had been practised for the last fifty years, when smart Aleck's were talking about sending expeditions in search of the North Pole, many valuable lives would have been saved.—*Peck's Sun.*

AS ENGLAND appears to have reached such a pitch of perfection in the art of hanging, perhaps she might be induced to clear our jails by contract. Professor Marwood might take the job at a special rate, with a reduction to clergymen and clubs of ten.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

A MAN has been arrested in New York for counterfeiting theatre tickets. His villainy has put him "in a box," but he sighs for the "family circle."—*Norristown Herald.*

AN Indiana boy, ten years old, is said to have an ear one foot in diameter. Probably he is training it to make a Chicago gyurl a slipper from.—*New Haven Register.*

THAT was a remarkably philosophical Frenchman who said: "I only ask to be forgotten." He had a sure thing.—*Lowell Citizen.*

WHEN Ajax defied the lightning it was just after the infliction of a lightning-rod agent.—*Boston Transcript.*

Giteau could never sleep at proper hours; cursed with abnormal activity, his nerves were always on the qui vive. Could he have had the soothing benefit of Dr. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills, his wretched brains would not have raged within proper fancies.

J. Krutina Furniture

SALES-ROOMS,
842 BROADWAY, COR. 13TH STREET, AND
96 and 98 E. HOUSTON STREET.

NICOLL The Tailor,
620 BROADWAY,
And Nos. 139 to 151 Bowery, New York.

Pants to order..... \$4 to \$10.
Suits to order..... \$15 to \$40.
Spring Overcoats, from \$15 up.

Samples with instructions for SELF-MEASUREMENT sent free to every part of the United States. Branch stores in all principal cities.



GEOB. CUETT BRO & CO
CROWN MAKE
COLLARS & CUFFS
SOLD BY
LEADING DEALERS

ARNOLD, CONSTABLE & CO.

SILK DEPARTMENT.

Are offering a fine assortment of Paris Novelties in Chiné, Plain and Fancy Louisines, India and French Foulards Pekin Stripes, Moire Antiques and Frangais, Pongees, White and Colored Genuine Canton and Japanese Crepes, together with a choice stock of Gros de Londres, d'Ecosse, Satin Rhadames, Merveilleux, &c., &c., at very attractive Prices.

**BROADWAY and 19th St.,
NEW YORK.**

Established 1840.

JONES,
8th Ave. and 19th St., New York City.

"SPECIALTY."

Child's Nainsook Dress, handsomely trimmed with Embroidery, at 40 cents; worth 75 cents.



Lace Cap, trimmed with Ribbon, &c., \$1.25.

KEEP'S SHIRTS.

KEEP'S SHIRTS,
COLLARS, CUFFS, UNDERWEAR, GLOVES, NECK-WEAR, HOSIERY, UMBRELLAS, &c., &c.

Descriptive Circulars, containing samples and directions for self-measurements, mailed free.
Address all letters to headquarters of

KEEP MANUFACTURING COMPANY,
631, 633, 635, 637 Broadway, New York.



ANGOSTURA BITTERS.

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS.
An excellent appetizing tonic of exquisite flavor, now used over the whole world, cures Dyspepsia, Diarrhoea, Fever and Ague, and all disorders of the Digestive Organs. A few drops impart a delicious flavor to a glass of champagne, and to all summer drinks. Try it, but beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by DR. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.

J. W. WUPPERMANN,
(SUCCESSOR TO J. W. HANCOX.)
Sole Agent for the United States.

61 Broadway, NEW YORK.



CHAMPAGNE.
THIS WINE is acknowledged by judges to be the best ever now in existence. It is selected by the Czar and is largely consumed by the nobility of Russia, who are known to be connoisseurs of champagne.
DULANY, MEYER & CO., Sole Agents,
4 EXCHANGE PLACE, BALTIMORE, MD.

FRANZ JOSEF BITTER WATER

The most reliable Aperient. Sure cure for Gout, Rheumatism, Liver and Kidney Diseases. Recommended by the highest medical authorities. Beware of imitations.

ALB. REUTER, 30 Vesey St., N. Y., Sole Agent.

D. A. MAYER, Importer,
626 Broadway, and 108 & 105 E. 14th St., N. Y.



Hungarian Wines.

The only House in the United States where Hungarian Wines are sold, which has been Awarded for "Purity" and "Superior Quality" by the Centennial Commissioners, 1876. No connection with any other House in the United States.

BOKER'S BITTERS

The Oldest and Best of all
STOMACH BITTERS,
AND AS FINE A CORDIAL AS EVER MADE.
To be had in Quarts and Pints.
L. FUNKE, JR., Sole Manufacturer and Proprietor.
78 John Street, New York.

AMERICAN Star Soft Capsules.



CHEAPEST, QUICKEST, SUREST, BEST
AND MOST RELIABLE SOFT CAPSULES.
GENUINE ONLY IN
Metallic Boxes, Star Stamped on Cover, with
Blue Wrapper with Star Monogram.

Victor E. Manger & Petrie,
110 Beade Street, New York.

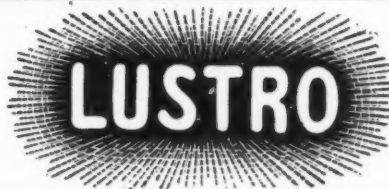
\$30 PER WEEK can be made in any locality. Something entirely new for agents. \$5 outfit free.
G. W. INGRAHAM & CO., Boston, Mass.

"HAWKEYE" DOTS.

BANJOS, fans, tamborines and drum-heads have all fallen victims to the decorative craze. Now just wait until some æsthetic woman is seized with the frenzy for decorating the bald head of some hairless man, and in six weeks the parson can't look down upon his congregation without thinking he has the delirium tremens.

CINCINNATI and sunset come in view together, and we rush for the Pittsburg sleeper; the jester rechecks the baggage for supper, and gnaws the indestructible sandwich of the railway dining-station by way of dessert. He bought half-a-peck of them. The date burned in the bottom of them has led eminent archæologists to infer they were originally cast for the May-flower supplies. They are four inches thick, each side, and are lined with apparent traces of ham. The essay also shows up some indications of butter of the Queen Anne period, but not in paying quantities. They can be reduced by strong acids of intense heat, but can not be crushed by friction. As a food they are not nutritious, but are perfectly harmless. Professor Doremus, who has subjected them to a careful analysis, says there is not enough ham in 2,000,000,000 of them to endanger a two-year-old baby from trichinae, and he says, indeed, the trichinae couldn't find enough nutrition in a railroad sandwich to support microscopic life a minute. Professor Proctor says if a comet ever threatens the world with a collision, that one blow with a railway sandwich will knock the everlasting nucleus out of the biggest comet that ever swung a tail. This sandwich is often bought, but never eaten. The jester found a valuable spot in one and gnawed a bite out of it, and all night long he dreamed that he was a quartz mill.—*Robert J. Burdette.*

Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., is rapidly acquiring an enviable reputation for the surprising cures which daily result from the use of her Vegetable Compound. Send to her for pamphlets.



"LIFE OF A FIREMAN." Send 10c. for new comic set of cards.
Sole Agent. **WHITING, 57 Nassau St., N. Y.**

The Washington Life Ins. Co.

The only Company that keeps Policies in force by Dividends.
H. F. FOGGENBURG, General Agent,
183 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

3 Most Beautiful Advertising Cards ever seen, given with a copy of None Such Baking Powder Recipe Book for 25 cts. in stamps. (In using other Baking Powder with these Recipes take $\frac{1}{4}$ or $\frac{1}{2}$ more powder than the receipt calls for.)
GEO. C. HANFORD, Syracuse, N. Y.

BEATTY'S ORGANS, 27 stops, \$90. Pianos, \$125. Factory running day and night. Catalogue free. Address **DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, N. J.**

\$200 A MONTH—Agents Wanted. 100 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample free for 6c. stamp. Also \$2 Watches. **FULTON MFG. CO., 138 Fulton St., New York.**

\$72 A WEEK. \$12 a day at home easily made. Costly Outfit free. Address **TRUX & Co., Augusta, Maine.**

\$777 a Year and expenses to agents. Outfit free. Address **P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Me.**

\$66 a week in your own town. Terms and \$5 outfit free. Address **H. HALLITT & Co., Portland, Maine.**

TAPE WORM.

INFALLIBLY CURED with two spoons of medicine in two or three hours. For particulars address with stamp to **H. EICKHORN, No. 6 St. Marks Place, New York.**

THEISS' CONCERTS, 14th ST., NEAR 6th AVE.
EVERY AFTERNOON AND EVENING.

DECKER'S



POOL and BILLIARD TABLES,
with Patent Corded Edge Cushions, warranted superior to all others, and sold at low prices and on easy terms.
Good second-hand tables always on hand.

WAREHOUSES, 722 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.



IMPERIAL GERMAN MAIL

North German Lloyd

STEAMSHIP LINE between

New York, Southampton & Bremen
Sailing every Saturday.

Company's Pier, foot of Second Street, Hoboken.
MOSEL, Saturday, June 10th. | FLEDE, Wednesday, June 21st.
MAIN, Saturday, June 17th. | WERDER, Saturday, June 24th.

Rates of passage from NEW YORK to SOUTHAMPTON, HAVRE, or BREMEN:
First Cabin, \$100; Second Cabin, \$60; Steerage, \$30.
Return tickets at reduced rates. Prepaid Steerage Certificates, \$27.
DELRICH & CO., General Agents, No. 2 Bowling Green.

GREAT DISCOVERY NO MORE GRAY HAIR.

F. F. MARSHALL'S ADONINE.



For Dyeing instantaneously the Hair, the Beard, the Eyebrows and Eyelashes Light-Brown, Brown or Black, without soiling the skin; \$1.50 per Box. Applied on premises if desired.
General Depot:

L. SHAW, 54 W. 14th St., New York.

FREE Send your address with a 3 cent stamp to the ARTNA CARD CO., 104 Fulton Street, New York, and receive 12 beautiful chromo cards, embracing gold, silver, and different tints, with our new price list.

FREE Shaving Made Easy!
"VROOM & FOWLER'S" SHAVING SOAP
gives a quick, soft, lasting lather. Sent by mail on receipt of twenty cents.
C. H. Rutherford,
For Sale EVERYWHERE. 26 Liberty St., N. Y.

30 DAYS' TRIAL FREE

We send free on 30 days' trial Dr. Dye's Electro-Voltaic Belts and other Electric Appliances to those suffering from Nervous Debility and Kindred Troubles. Also for Rheumatism, Liver and Kidney Troubles, and many other diseases. Speedy cures guaranteed. Illustrated Pamphlet free. Address

VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich.

WITH FIVE DOLLARS

YOU CAN BUY A WHOLE

Imperial Austrian 100 Florins
Vienna City Government Bond,
Which bonds are issued and secured by the Government, and are redeemable in drawings

FOUR TIMES ANNUALLY.

Until each and every bond is drawn, with a larger or smaller premium. Every bond must draw a prize, as there are no blanks. The three highest prizes amount to

**200,000 Florins,
20,000 Florins,
15,000 Florins,**

And bonds not drawing one of the above prizes must draw a Premium of not less than 200 Florins.

The next drawing takes place on the

1st of July, 1882,

And every bond bought of us on or before the 1st of July is entitled to the whole premium that may be drawn thereon on that date. Out-of-town orders sent in registered letters and enclosing \$5 will secure one of these bonds for the next drawing.

For orders, circulars, and any other information, address

INTERNATIONAL BANKING CO.,

No. 150 Broadway, N. Y. City.

[Established in 1874.]

N. B.—In writing, please state you saw this in the English Puck.
The above Government Bonds are not to be compared with any Lottery whatsoever, and do not conflict with any of the laws of the United States.

